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*Cassandra says:*

How my military blood stirs at these old warlike tribal customs.



## STAND BY YOUR BEDS

**WHEN I was in the Army they taught me to drive a car.**

I could already drive a car and my instructor, I worked out, was two years old when I first took out my driving licence. They taught me to ride a motor-cycle. I could already ride a motor-cycle. They taught me to ride a bicycle. I could already ride a bicycle.

But what they did teach me was something I had never done before — to ride a bicycle "to attention."

A chum of mine who negligently went to sleep in a jeep and sank blissfully back into the road at about forty miles an hour was at once taken to a hospital in Italy where in bed he was taught to "lie to attention" when the Medical Officer paid his rounds.

Now I hear a pleasant echo of this old military mumbo-jumbo that still lingers on in our military hospitals.

### Four Times

It so happens that with the run-down of the armed forces, some of the military hospitals have more beds available than the ordinary hospitals and a slight surplus of M.O.s. Quite sensibly, civilian patients are directed to them.

A friend of mine — an ordinary National Health patient — was amused that in a mixed ward of civilians and armed forces personnel he had to "stand by" his bed four times a day.

At 10.30 a.m. when the Flight-Lieutenant came round.

At about 11.45 a.m. when the Group Captain made his inspection.

At 5 p.m. for a general stand-by.

And at 9.30 p.m. when the Sister paid her nightly visit.

How my military blood stirs at these old warlike tribal customs.

### The Immigrants

**M**R. R. A. BUTLER, with his genius for disastrous compromise, has really put his foot in it with his latest proposals for immigration.

By admitting Irishmen from Eire and excluding West Indians and other non-whites, he has put up the colour bar in a way that will cause exultant rejoicing in Dr. Verwoerd's ranks in South Africa.

The Commonwealth, already in an exceedingly delicate state of health, will be in danger of collapsing if Mr. Butler's selective racial programme goes through.

I see no objection to excluding immi-

grants with criminal records — such as Australia already does — or deporting those who take to crime in Britain.

To admit the Irish, who are not even members of the Commonwealth, and to exclude those who are, will hardly cause cheers in India, Pakistan, the West Indies, Malaya, Ceylon and Ghana.

Another fact that Butler seemed to find unwelcome when challenged by Mr. Fenner Brockway is that on the latest available figures more people left this country than came in.

The total of emigrants from the U.K. to all countries abroad from 1952 to 1959 was 1,045,170.

The number, over the same period, who entered the U.K. was 642,036.

### Megadeath

**I**N a recent article on American scientists and atomic war I attributed the use of the word "megadeath" to Dr. Herman Kahn, who is the Director of the Hudson Institute in the United States.

He tells me that he has never used the word which means a million dead.

Dr. Kahn says that he first heard of it when he visited England where it seems to have caught on and he knows of only two instances where the rather grisly expression has been used by Americans working in national security.

We seem to have fostered the ugly word — not our transatlantic friends.

### The 'War Cry'

**T**HE licensed victuallers of Flintshire have combined to ban the Salvation Army from their bars. If they go through with their intention, no more will the poke-bonneted lasses be able to go into pubs selling the "War Cry" which, among other things, opposes the sale of alcoholic liquor.

What nonsense!

All the sinners and publicans I have ever known, have always taken a broad and tolerant view of the Salvation Army — a most excellent institution.

Most drinkers get a pleasant sense of slight guilt when the girls come into the boozers and sell literature which indicates that the road to hell is paved with empty bottles.

There's nothing like a nice pint of bitter feeling, as you drink it, that you didn't oughter.

Makes it taste better somehow.